

#1

\$1.25

QUACK!



"DUCKANEER"



"KOSMO KAT"



"DUCKULA"



"YOU-ALL GIBBON"



BLAH BLAH, QUACK QUACK

a funny-animal editorial by
FRANK BRUNNER

Some of you might say, "why?...why funny animals?" "Why QUACK!" Well, I could hand you some witticisms about the time being tight and readers ready for a resurgence of this genre, but rather than sounding like some burnt-out N.Y. comics hack, I'll simply say: I want to do this. I like doing it.

QUACK created itself in an atmosphere of spontaneity surrounding my poster "The Duckkicker", which sparked the imagination of our publisher Mike to present the comic which you now hold. The title was a flash in the mind of Jan, my wife. And the many creative people who contributed their ideas and work to this first issue of QUACK saw, too, an opportunity to do what they like to do. This is something the East Coast publishers do not seem to grasp. After all, it's not supposed to be fun, it's work. I mean, comics are serious business, right? Well, despite the long, laborious hours, to me comics are fun. Otherwise, why would we stay in this crazy racket? I like to have fun and I think you do too. Actually, QUACK comes as a direct result of the "big" publishers ignoring a pool of talent and ideas simply because of geography and their preconceived-formula methods; yes, a reaction on our part in one way, but more an advance market on the road to a new and more open-minded way of thinking about comics.

If you think that comic books are fun and you enjoy what we're trying to do here, give us the kind of support you give the "establishment" comics and we'll continue giving you our alternative—QUACK!

So just thanks,

Frank

Oakland, CA
May, 1976

7 June 1976

N.Y., NY: in transit

Okay, people, these are Frank's personal beliefs and not necessarily my own or the other people's in this book. While I agree with many of his expressed sentiments, I'm not personally so negative these days about "big publishers" and the "East Coast" mentality. They have their ways, we at Star*Reach have ours—and that includes such N.Y.-based talents as Alan Kupperberg and Howie Chaykin.

Skill, I'd like to reaffirm that a major motivation for all of us on this book has been fun — our own and hopefully yours as well.

We well and enjoy letters. Write us. We even answer upon occasion.

Mike Friedrich

For her creation of the title "Quack," her expert cover-coloring assistance, but more for her many ideas and intense spiritual support, we want to publicly thank



Jan Brunner

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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, OR REAL ANIMALS, EXCEPT FOR PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

QUACKERSVILLE,
3 A.M.: A TIME
WHEN MOST
DECENT DUCKS
ARE ASLEEP.

HOWEVER, THIS
STORY IS NOT
ABOUT THEM. THIS
IS A TALE OF
A WEIRDO...

A NONCONFORMIST...
A NIGHT TRIPPER
DOWN THE STREETS
OF FANTASY... A
COMIC ARTIST!

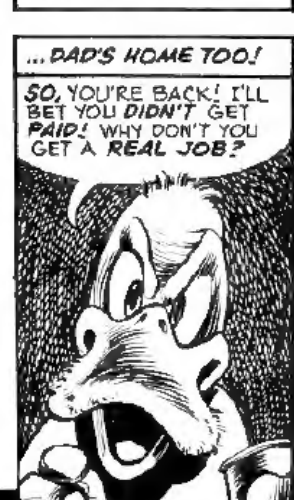
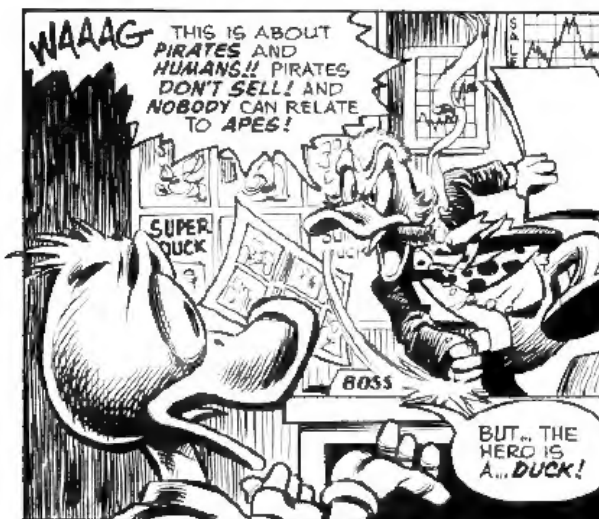
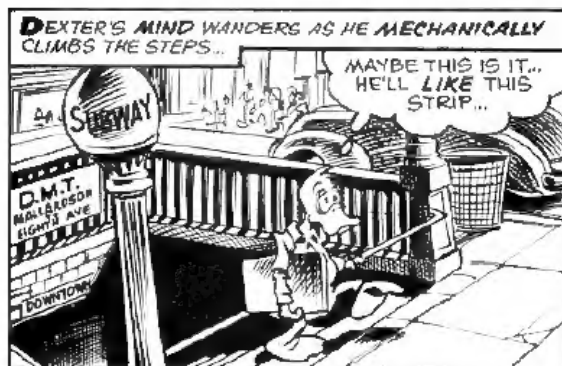
"...EVEN NOW AS DAWN
AND IMPENDING DEADLINE
APPROACH, THIS ONE
IS LABORING TO
MAKE IT REAL!



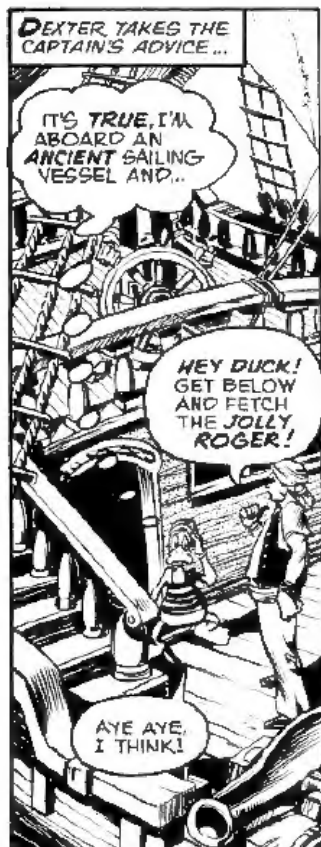
FOR THIS
IS THE SAGA
OF THE...



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK BRUNNER
EMBELLISHED BY STEVE LEIALOHA
LETTERED BY TOM ORZECOWSKI











FIRE AT WILL, ME BUCKOS! LET'S SHOW THOSE BILGE RATS HOW TO FIGHT!

STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!



ZIG WILL DECIDE ONCE AND FOR ALL WHO IS ZE BETTER BUCCANEER!

DEATH TO CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!

AMIDST BELCHING CANNON SMOKE, GRAPPLING HOOKS FLY! AND WITH DIRKS IN HAND AND PISTOLS PRIMED, THE RIVAL CREWS BEGIN THE DEADLY CONTEST! FIGHTING IS BITTER WITH NO QUARTER ASKED AND NONE GIVEN!



A FILTHY DECK IS WASHED RED WITH SPILT BLOOD IN A VERITABLE MAELSTROM OF INSENSIBLE VIOLENCE THAT CAN ONLY END WITH ONE MASTER OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA LANES!

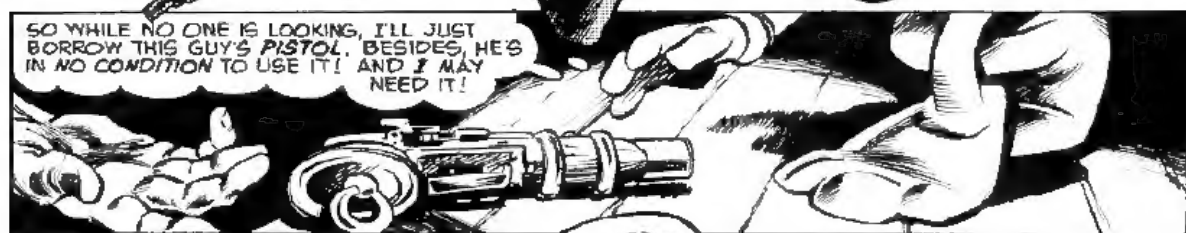
MEANWHILE, DEXTER IS LAYING LOW...



I DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS ARE... BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS!



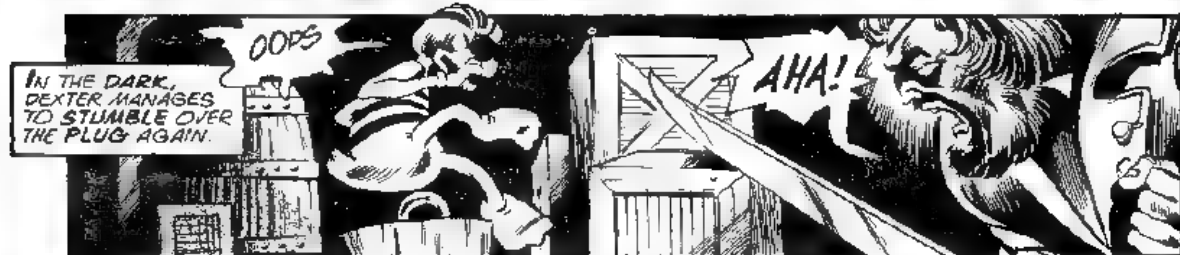
"I'D ASK KITTY WHO'S WINNING, BUT I GUESS SHE'S BUSY RIGHT NOW!"





HOWEVER, DEXTER'S AMUSEMENT PARK MARKSMANSHIP LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED, AND HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED OFF A PULLEY...





LOOSENED BY DEXTER'S
PREVIOUS TAMPERING,
THE SEA PLUG FLIES IN
BLOODBATH'S FACE!

THE INITIAL GUSH OF
WATER SENDS HIM
HURLING ACROSS THE
HOLD.

AND
SMACK
ONTO
DEXTER'S
TREMBLING
BLADE!

I DIDN'T
MEAN
TO DO IT!

NONSENSE! YOU
DEFEATED HIM,
FAIR AND SQUARE!

BLOODBATH STAGGERS
A MOMENT IN TOTAL
DISBELIEF OF WHAT HAS
HAPPENED, THEN
COLLAPSES, DEAD.

KITTY AND
DEXTER MANAGE TO RE-PLUG
THE SHIP AND COME ON DECK,
WHERE THE CREW IS WELL INTO
THEIR VICTORY CELEBRATION.

HEY, MATES!
BLOODBATH IS
DEAD! MEET THE
NEW CAPTAIN...
DEXTER!

HIP HIP
HOORAY!

GEE, AM I
REALLY THE
CAPTAIN
NOW?

YOU'VE
GOT THE
CAPTAIN'S
HAT IF
THAT MEANS
ANYTHING!

WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?

TO THE CAPTAIN'S...er
YOUR CABIN, SIR! YOU MUST
BE TIRED, I KNOW I AM!

AND SO AMID DRUNKEN
REVELRY, A LONG AND
STRANGE DAY ENDS DEXTER
AND HIS MATE RETIRE



BY MORNING, THE CREW HAS DRIED OUT AND CAPTAIN DEXTER ADDRESSES THEM..

OUTSIDE
OF A FEW
MINOR POLICY
CHANGES,
EVERYTHING
WILL BE THE
SAME BOYS...

AND UNTIL I LEARN THE ROPES,
KITTY WILL GIVE THE ORDERS..

WE'RE NOT
TAKING
ORDERS FROM
A DUCK OR A
WENCH! WE'D
BE LAUGHED
OUT OF EVERY
PORT AND OUR
SHIP WOULD
BE TARGET
FOR ANY
PRIVATEER!

IN FACT, MR
DUCKANEER,
YOU AND YOUR
MATE ARE LEAVING
US.. BY WAY O'
THE PLANK! LET'S
SEE HOW GOOD
THEY FLOAT...
MATES!

SHORTLY

I GUESS
WE BLEW IT,
DUCKY!

SHADDUP
AND
MOVE!

WELL,
AT LEAST
I WAS
CAPTAIN
FOR A
NIGHT!

I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN A DUCK
COULD NEVER FIND
ACCEPTANCE IN
A WORLD OF
SAVAGE APES!

GOODBYE,
DEXTER!

GOODBYE
WAAAGH!

I'M SINKING-
BUT I'M A DUCK...
WAAAGH!

WAKE UP,
DEXTER!

CRAZY KID,
YOU WERE
RAVING IN YA
SLEEP! I HADDA
THROW THIS
BUCKET A WATER
ON YA!

HEY, YOU ON
GOOFBALLS
OR SLAMPIN?

WHEW ONLY
A DREAM...
I GOTTA GET
OUT OF THIS
BUSINESS.

END

WHEN HOPE IS GONE,
DESPAIR SUBMERGING FAITH—
LOOK TO THE SHADOWS
AND REJOICE!
FOR THERE YOU'LL FIND...

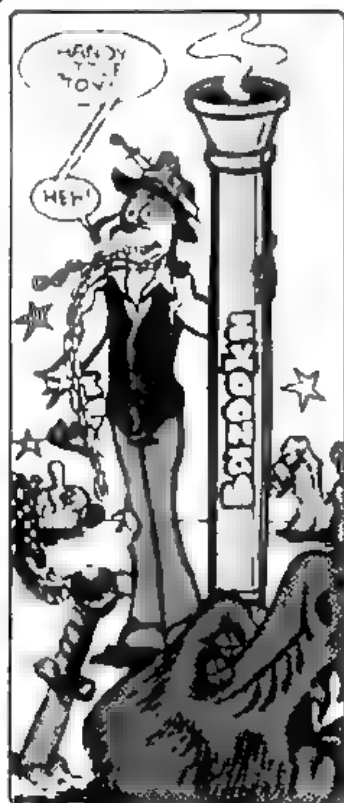


TWILIGHT IN SLUM CITY
A LONELY NIGHT, DISTURBED ONLY BY THE RHYTHM C PATTERN OF FEET ON PAVEMENT.
THE SOUND OF FEAR!









THE INEDIBLE EXPLOITS OF **YOU-ALL GIBBON** THE JUNK-FOOD MONKEY!!



IT ALL BEGAN AT ONE OF THE NUMEROUS **MAC'S BIG-BOY-IN-THE-BOX** DRIVE-IN HAMBURGER RESTAURANTS...

...WHERE THE NOTORIOUS FAST FOOD FANCIER, **YOU-ALL GIBBON**, IS ABOUT TO ENJOY HIS FAVORITE TREAT...





AH, YAS... 3MUNCH3 NOTHIN' QUITE AS TASTY AS A BOMBASTO-BURGER 3CHOFF3



...NOT TO MENTION ITS 3CHOMP3 HEALTHFUL BENE

SPLUT! FEH!



HOLY COW! AH CAIN'T EAT THIS! MAH HAM-BURGER'S GOT A PIECE O' MEAT IN IT!

MEAT!!!



HEY, YOUNG FELLER, YOU TH' MANAGER HEAH?

YESSIR...

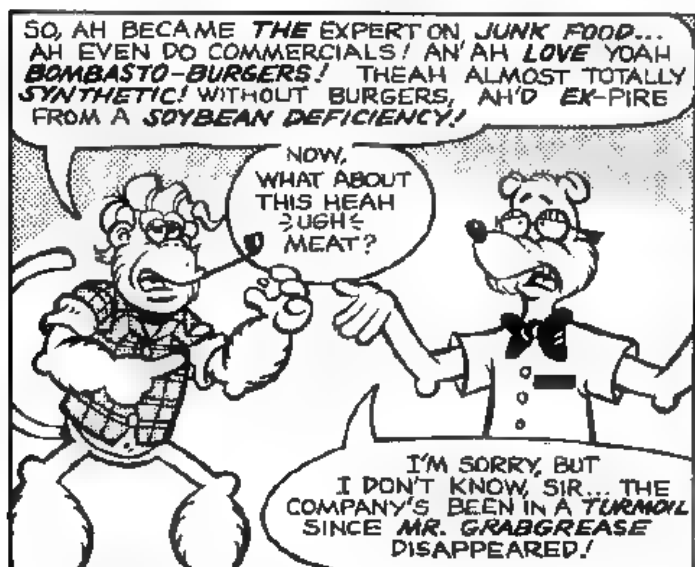
YOL KNOW WHO AH AM?

NOSIR...



'AH'M YOU-ALL GIBBON, THET'S WHO! TH' LI'L MONKEY WHO WAS BORN AN' 3RAISED IN A ZOO DUNK SOUTH... FED ME NOTHIN' BUT JUNK-FOOD 'TIL AH WAS TWELVE! AH LOVED IT!'

'AH WAS A HEALTHY LI'L GUY... 'TIL AH FOUND OUT THET'S ALL AH COULD EAT... AH HAD TURNED ALLERGIC TO REAL FOOD!'



SO, AH BECAME THE EXPERT ON JUNK FOOD... AH EVEN DO COMMERCIALS! AN' AH LOVE YOAH BOMBASTO-BURGERS! THEAH ALMOST TOTALLY SYNTHETIC! WITHOUT BURGERS, AH'D EX-PIRE FROM A SOYBEAN DEFICIENCY!

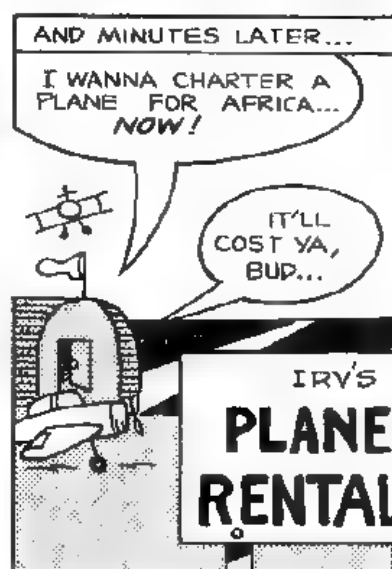
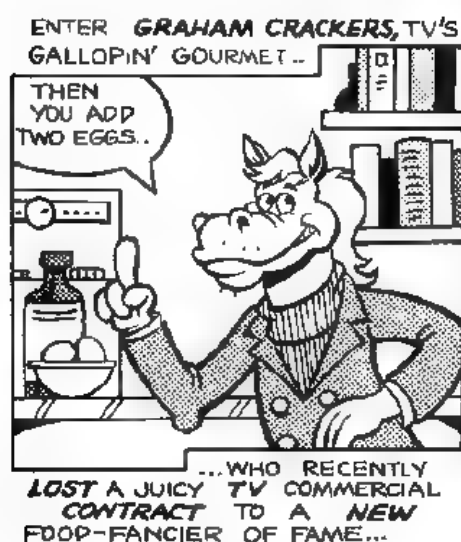
NOW, WHAT ABOUT THIS HEAH 3UGH3 MEAT?

I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T KNOW, SIR... THE COMPANY'S BEEN IN A TURMOIL SINCE MR. GRABGREASE DISAPPEARED!



DAILY BLAB * BURGER BARON DISAPPEARS! LOST IN AFRICA

WHY, SHOAH! TH' PRES-IDENT O' THIS WHOLE SHEBANG! GOT LOST ON A TREASURE HUNT IN AFRICA, DIDN'T HE?



TUFFAH-TUGO,
ONE WEEK LATER...

I'M SORRY, BWANA GIBBON,
BUT ANOTHER AMERICAN
SHOWED UP LAST WEEK
AND TOOK OUR ONLY
GUIDE WITH HIM!

AN' THEY HAVEN'T
RETURNED! SOME
THING SMELLS ROTTEN
-- AN' IT AIN'T
MAH BREATH!

BUT BWANA! PLEASE..
WAIT! FOUR PEOPLE
HAVE ALREADY VANISHED
OUT THERE!

FOUR, EH?
AH'M ON THE
RIGHT TRACK! AN
AH BET ONE OF
EM'S THE RASCAL
CRACKUHS!

AND SO, THE
INSATIABLE
SIMIAN SETS
OUT ALONE
INTO THE
WILDERNESS,
HACKING HIS
WAY THRU
THE DENSE
VEGETATION...

WHAT AH
WOULDN'T GIVE FOAH
A BOMBASTO-BURGER
RIGHT NOW!

AN' A
PEPSI!!

AN' SOME
CHEEZ-ITS!

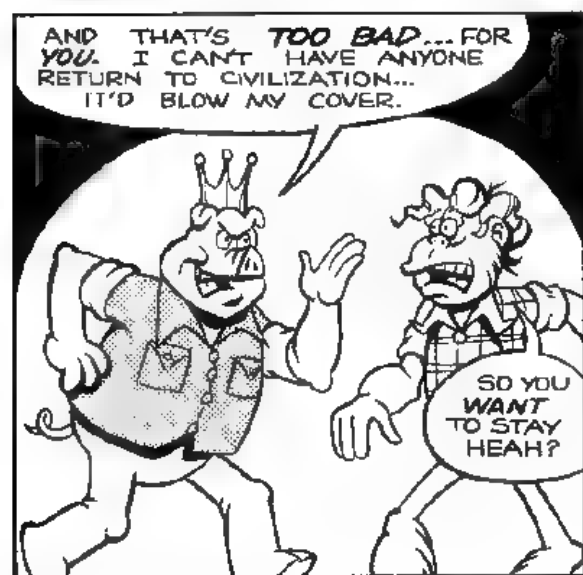
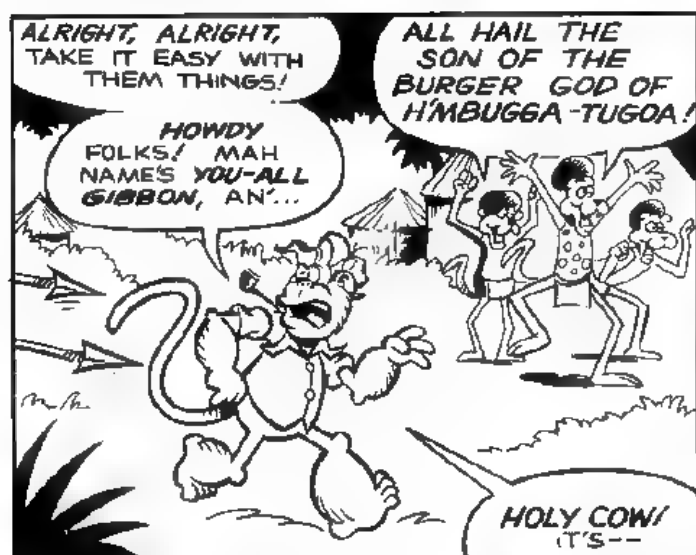
AN' MEBBE
A COUPLE O'
PEANUT BUTTER
CUPS...

WAL, NOW... WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE
DROPPED HIS WATCH.

YEP... AN' IT'S BEEN
ENGRAVED TO...

HEY!

QUICKSAND! OKAY,
YOU-ALL, DON'T PANIC!
WHAT DO YOAHH WILEY
ANIMAL INSTINCTS TELL
YOU TO DO?

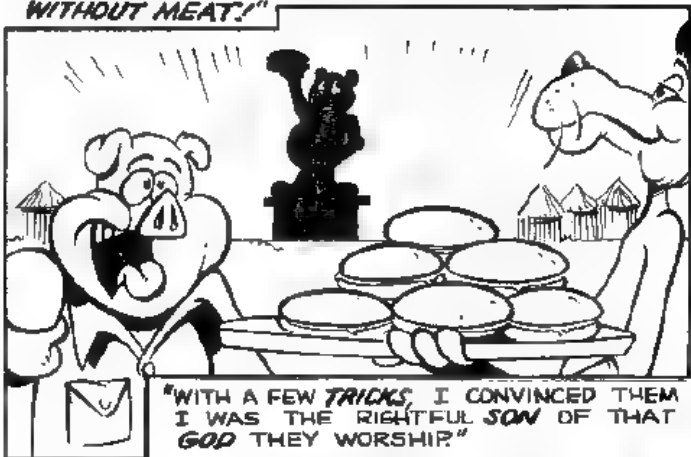




"JUST SHUT UP AND LISTEN, GIBBON. I'D HEARD RUMORS OF A LOST TRIBE WITH AN EXOTIC RECIPE FOR HAMBURGERS. I CAME HERE TO INVESTIGATE..."



"BY SHEER LUCK, I STUMBLED UPON THIS... THE LOST VILLAGE OF H'MBUGGA-TUGOA! THEY'VE GOT THE MOST FABULOUS HAMBURGERS I'D EVER TASTED! AND THEY MADE THEM WITHOUT MEAT!"



"WITH A FEW TRICKS, I CONVINCED THEM I WAS THE RIGHTFUL SON OF THAT GOD THEY WORSHIP."



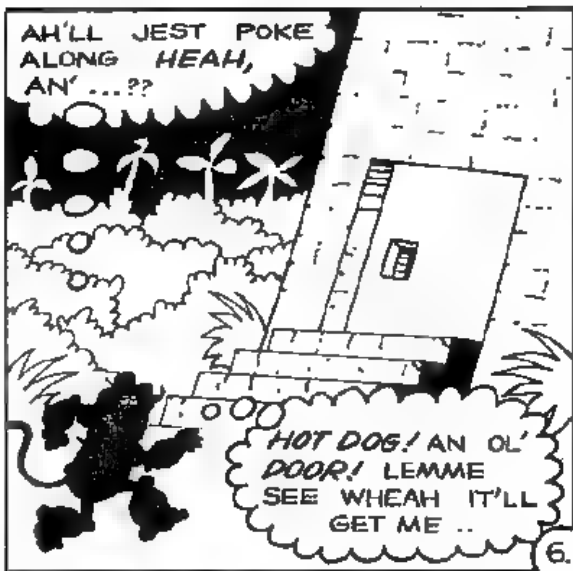
SO, I'LL GET THEIR RECIPE, AN' MACK'S BIG-BOY-IN-THE-BOX SAVES MILLIONS IN MEAT COSTS!



... BUT AH CAIN'T AGREE WITH YOAHO MOTIVE AND METHOD! EXCUSE ME...

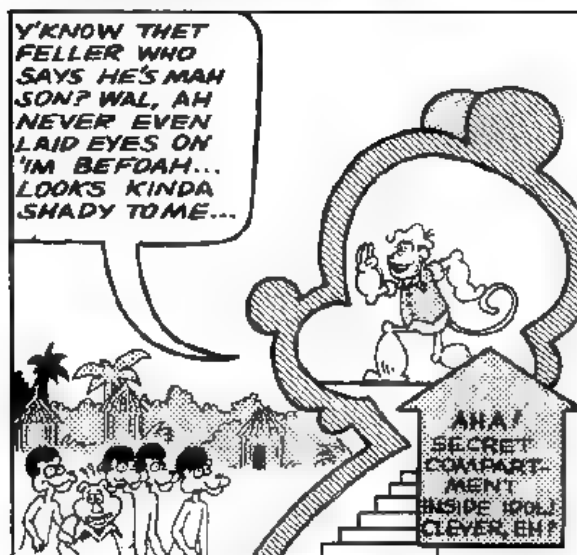


THAT NIGHT...



AH'LL JEST POKE ALONG HEAH, AN' ...??

HOT DOGS! AN OL' DOOR! LEMME SEE WHEAH IT'LL GET ME ...

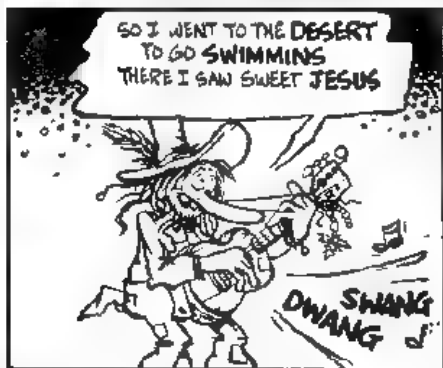


... THANKS TO THE HUBNER ROAD IRREGULARS FOR THE BRAINSTORMING!

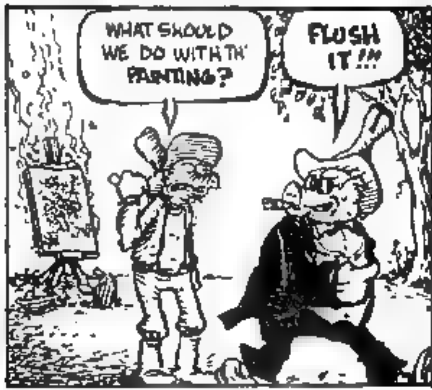
THE END.

E.Z. WOLF

"SMOKEY MOUNTAIN HIGH"



E. Z. WOLF by Ted Richards



ON THE SKIDS

CHAPTER ONE

THE *Stratton* OR SLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.

NO I'VE GOT ONE

IF IT'S NOT TOLD

QU ANA

SO ROBERT E. LEE SAYS--

NO PROBLEM

JOHNNY CARSON LAST NIGHT

"ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH"

SLOW SOUTHERN SCREW

FAGG

"SUN ...

LEAVE ME ALONE!

STOP--GO AWAY--

BRENDA SHOULD HAVE HER OWN SERIES

DOWN FROM PEANUTS

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, FUCK-HEAD

FRIZZIES

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY REGIMENT?"

PLEASE DIE!

WHO'S CARL JUNG

POOR TOTIE FIELDS

SHE'S DEAD

THESE KIDS

BEN WELDON

GERALDO RIVERA

5 MILLION

PEOPLE MAGAZINE

CO-CREATOR AND WRITER

HOWARD CHAYKIN

ARTIST AND LETTERER

ALAN KUPPERBERG



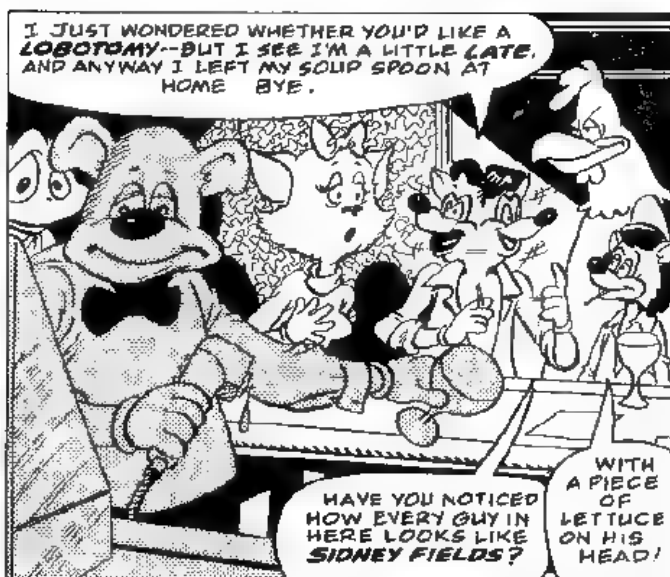


HI! I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL, AND'D BE **THRILLED** IF YOU FELT THE SAME WAY!

HUH?!

I---

WHAT THE **FUCK** DO YOU WANT? HUH?



I JUST WONDERED WHETHER YOU'D LIKE A **LOBOTOMY**--BUT I SEE I'M A LITTLE LATE, AND ANYWAY I LEFT MY **SOLID SPOON** AT HOME. BYE.

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW EVERY GUY IN HERE LOOKS LIKE **SIDNEY FIELDS**?

WITH A PIECE OF **LETTUCE** ON HIS HEAD!



SUPDENSELY, WITHOUT WARNING .

JESUS **FUCK** A SHIT **SOUFFLE**! **ROCK'N'** ROLL FOR THE **GERITOL** GENERATION!

D'YOU WANNA **DANCE**?

I'M **FRIGHTFULLY** SORRY, BUT I CAN'T **POSSIBLY** ALLOW MYSELF TO TOUCH THOSE **MORBIDLY** INFIRM

HAH?

"HEY HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY **SWEET GYFSY ROSE** ...

...**ROSE**!
...**ROSE**...

WANNA **DANCE**?
HEY, WHY YOU AND

HOLY COW, BABY, I DON'T WANT A **DOSE** DAMPENING MY **ONE-EYED SNAKE**.



MAM'SELLE, MAY I, IN A **PREHENS LE MANNER** FAMILIARISE WITH A **CHOICE** CONTOUR OF YOUR **ARSE**?

I WORK FOR THE **NATIONAL LAMPOON**

YUUCCH! I HATE THOSE **JOKES**--SO **GROSS**--!

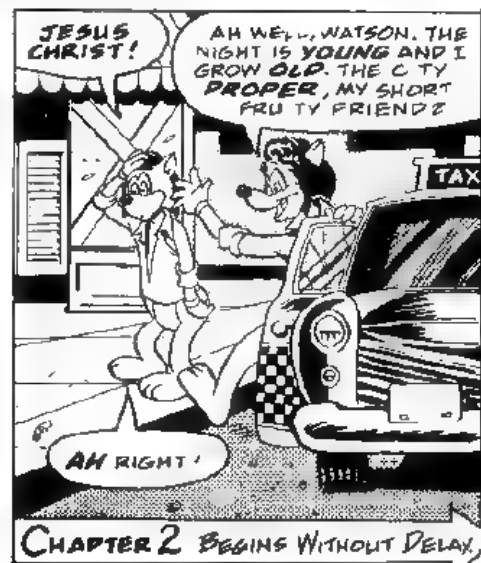
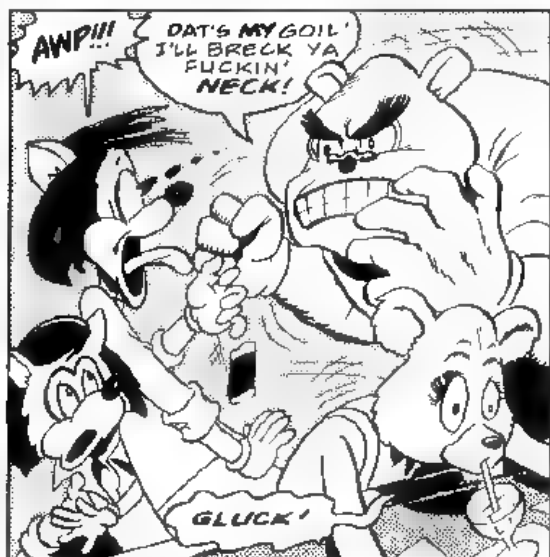
WATCH THE **MERCHANDISE** AND **SPEAK** **ENGLISH**, YOU **LITTLE SHIT**.

AH! AN **INTELLECTUAL**!



I **BEG** YOUR **PARDON**--I HAVE A **HIGHLY** CULTIVATED **AFFECTION** FOR **WOMAN** WHO CAN RAISE A **BETTER** **MUSTACHE** THAN I CAN!

STOP TH'S **BULLSHIT**! YOU'RE **WASTING** **TIME**!



CHAPTER 2 BEGINS WITHOUT DELAY

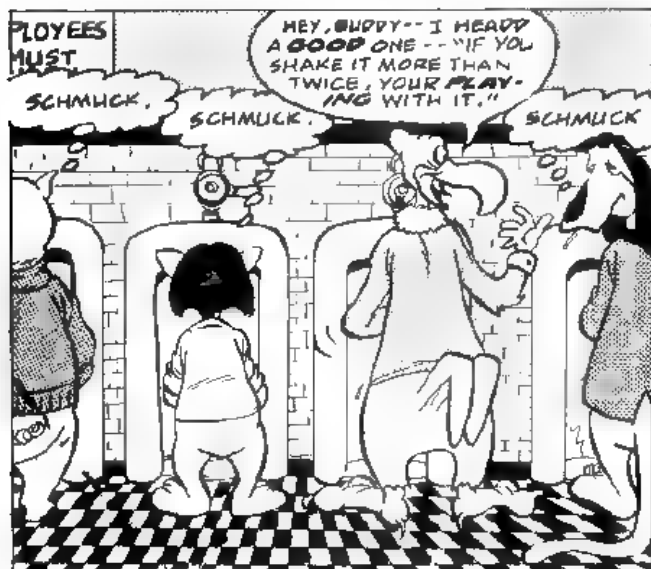
PART
2

MAXWELLS OR:

"CARL JUNG?"





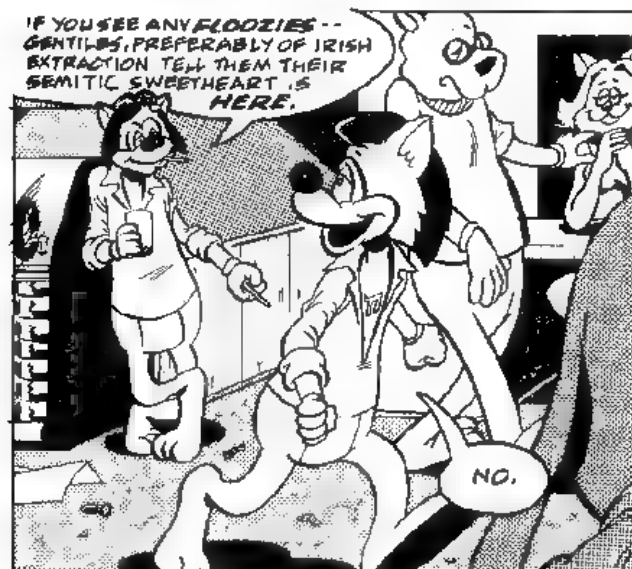
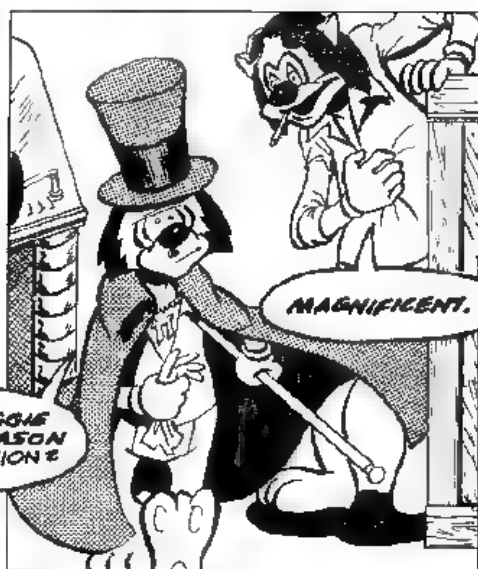


PART
3

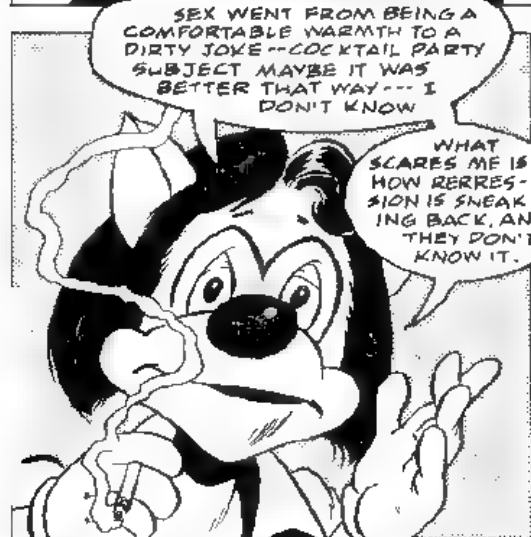
OWES

"THE OBJECT
OR: OF MY AFFECTION
WILL ALTER MY
PERCEPTION."







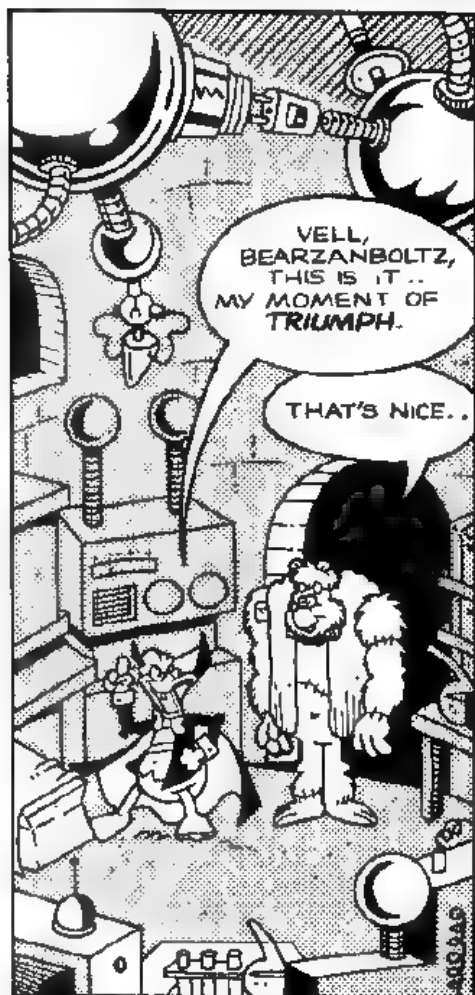


DUCKULA

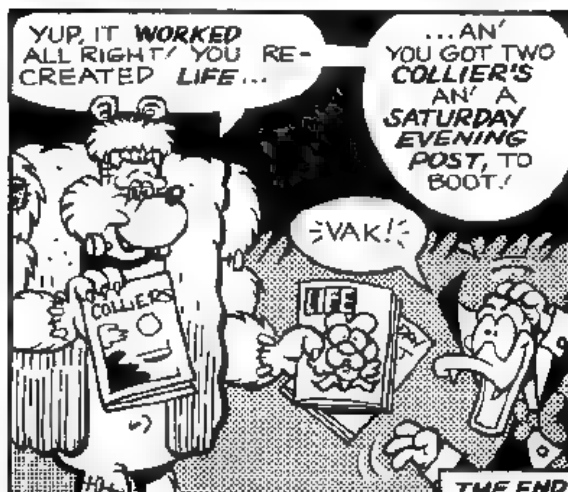
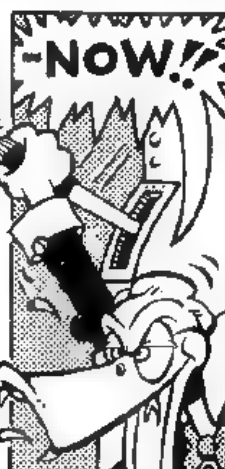
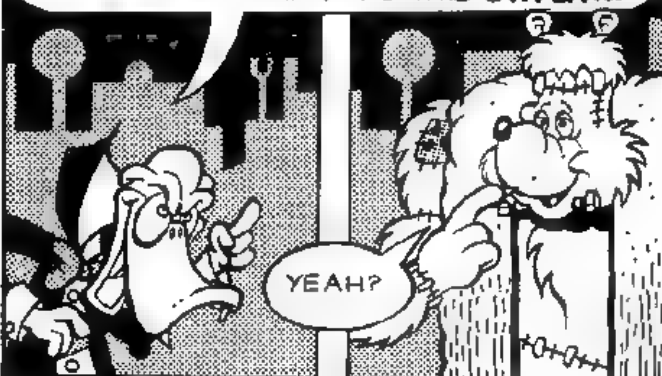
AND HIS HAIRY HENCHMAN, BEARZANBOLTZ



STORY AND
ART © 1976 BY
SCOTT SHAW/
LETTERING BY
BUD GUTZ • LOGO
BY JAN TONNESEN



MY FRAND, YOU WERE SPAWNED BY A FREAK EXPLOSION IN A TOY FACTORY! BUT I, DUCKULA, THRU THE MANIPULATION OF COLDLY LOGICAL SCIENCE, SHALL RE-CREATE LIFE WHEN I PULL THIS SWITCH...



THE END.

KOSMO CAT



in 'THE CASE OF THE
PURLOINED
PERIODICALS'

MONEY NEVER CAUSES CRIME. IT'S WHAT YOU CAN **BUY** WITH MONEY THAT CREATES THE PROBLEM. SOME FOLKS JUST WANT THE SIMPLE PLEASURES A HOME, A JET CAR, ENOUGH FOOD MODULES ... BUT OTHERS WANT LUXURIES -- THINGS LIKE RARE ANTIQUES. AND IF THEY DON'T HAVE MONEY, THEY EITHER HAVE TO DO WITHOUT OR STEAL. WHEN THEY DO THE LATTER, THAT'S WHEN **I** GET CALLED IN. WHAT A CRUMMY WAY TO MEET PEOPLE...



MARK EVANIER, story * **SCOTT SHAW**, layout & character design
* **DAVE STEVENS**, pencils & inks * **BUD GUTZ**, lettering

JUST LIKE THIS IT STARTED:
IF THE MERCHANT HADN'T
FORGOTTEN HIS PARCEL, HE'D
NEVER HAVE RETURNED AFTER
HOURS...



ALVIE! YOU HEAR
SOMETHING OUTSIDE?
SOME NOISE?

SHUT UP! HOW
D'YA EXPECT ME TO
HEAR ANYTHING
WITH YOU
TALKIN'?



...YOU WALK RIGHT BY
IT, STUPID!



COME ON, COME ON--THAT
ILLUMINATOR PANEL'S
RIGHT AROUND HERE!
IT'S **GOTTA** BE...



NO! DON'T! PLEASE,
I HAVE A WIFE AND--



HERE IT IS--RIGHT BY
THE DOOR! LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE!

THE SOONER
THE BETTER!



JUST LIKE THIS, IT
ENDED. WALDO SPANIEL,
LOCAL ANTIQUE DEALER,
EVAPORATED AT AGE
44...

FOR ME, IT BEGAN THE NEXT MORNING. THE NAME'S CAT--FIRST NAME, *KOSMO*--OCCUPATION, PRIVATE EYE. WHEN THE PHONE STARTED DOING CONNIPION FITS, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS UP...

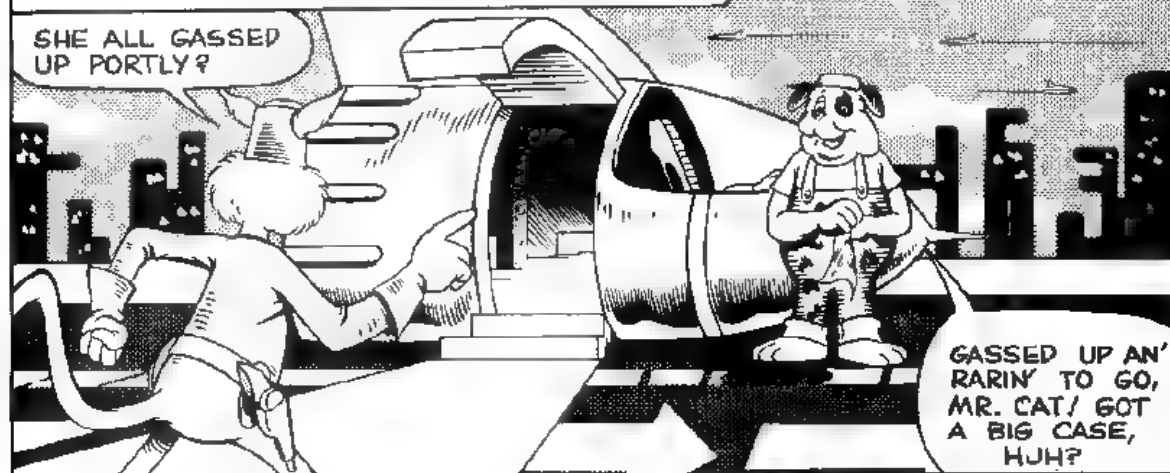


IT WAS INTERWORLD INSURANCE. I COULD GUESS WHAT *THEY* WANTED. NOTHING THEY LIKE LESS THAN PAYING OFF A POLICY...



HOUNDSTOOTH HAD THAT OLD 'WE GOT TROUBLE' RESONANCE IN HIS VOICE. BAD FOR HIM, BUT GOOD FOR MY WALLET...

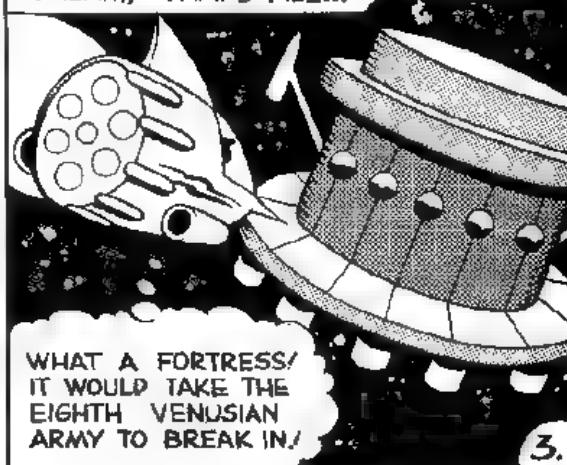
SHE ALL GASSED UP PORTLY?



POOR PORTLY. WANTED TO BE A GUMSHOE SO BAD... I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL HIM WHERE I WAS HEADED...

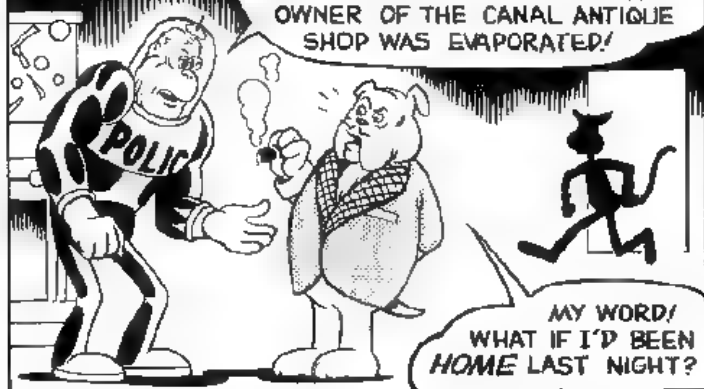


GREGORY VANDERGELT WAS *ONLY* ONE OF THE FIVE RICHEST FOLKS IN THE GALAXY, THAT'S ALL...



VANDERGELT HAD A SNAZZY HOME, I HAD TO ADMIT IT-- THE BEST COLLECTION OF 20TH CENTURY MEMORABILIA, THIS SIDE OF ALPHA CENTAURI, SOME SAID...

ANOTHER TV GUIDE ROBBERY WENT DOWN LAST NIGHT! THE OWNER OF THE CANAL ANTIQUE SHOP WAS EVAPORATED!



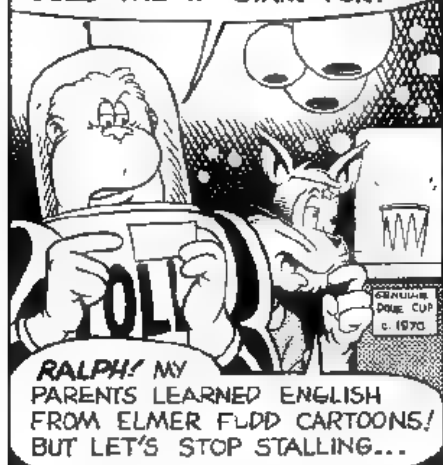
MY WORD! WHAT IF I'D BEEN HOME LAST NIGHT?

DID YOU KNOW MY TV GUIDE WAS ON DISPLAY FOR *TWELVE YEARS* UNDER FULL SECURITY AT THE LOUVRE II IN NEW PARIS?



PARDON ME-- MR. HOUNDSTOOTH OVER AT INTERWORLD INSURANCE WANTS ME TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE AROUND!

CAT, KOSMO W. PERSONAL INVESTIGATIONS! HEY, WHAT DOES THE 'W' STAND FOR?



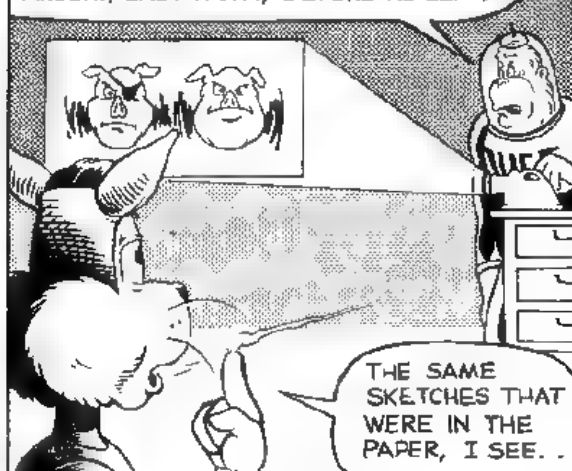
RALPH! MY PARENTS LEARNED ENGLISH FROM ELMER FLOD CARTOONS! BUT LET'S STOP STALLING...

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, ISN'T IT? TO STALL MY INSURANCE REBATE?

IT'S NOT AS IF YOU NEED THE CASH, MR. VANDERGELT! IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE YOU'RE UP TO YOUR ASTEROID IN CASH!



THESE ARE OUR SUSPECTS, CAT! MR. VANDERGELT SAYS HE SAW THEM LURKING AROUND, LAST NIGHT, BEFORE HE LEFT!



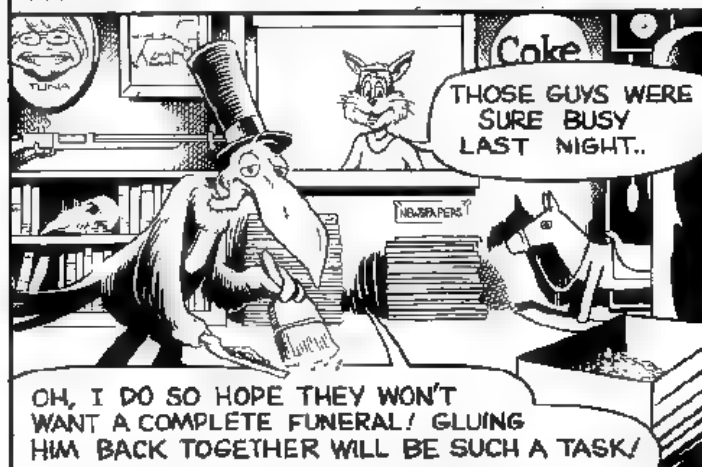
THE SAME SKETCHES THAT WERE IN THE PAPER, I SEE.

AND LET ME WARN YOU, CAT-- THIS IS AN OPEN POLICE INVESTIGATION! THAT MEANS NO MEDDLING, UNDERSTAND?



CLEAR AS CAN BE, LIEUTENANT! I THINK I'LL GO GIVE THAT ANTIQUE SHOP THE ONCE-OVER! BYE BYE!

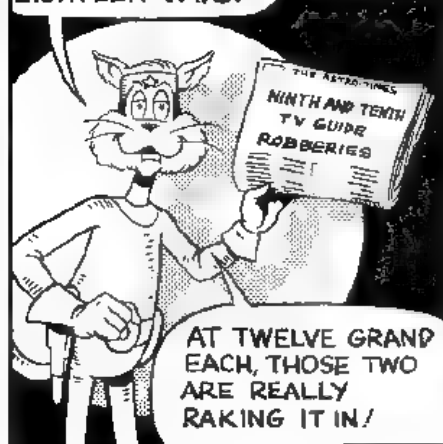
WHEN I GOT TO THE CANAL ANTIQUE SHOP, THE MORTICIAN WAS JUST TAKING AWAY WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE OWNER. ASHES TO ASHES...



THOSE GUYS WERE SURE BUSY LAST NIGHT..

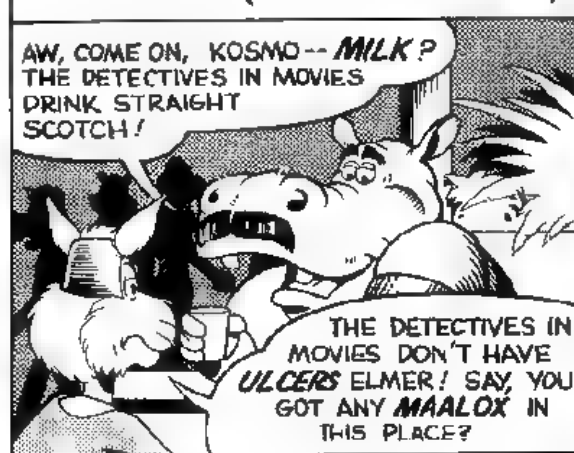
OH, I DO SO HOPE THEY WON'T WANT A COMPLETE FUNERAL! GLUING HIM BACK TOGETHER WILL BE SUCH A TASK!

...BUT THEN, THEY'VE BEEN BUSY FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS--TEN *TV GUIDE* RIP-OFFS IN EIGHTEEN DAYS!



AT TWELVE GRAND EACH, THOSE TWO ARE REALLY RAKING IT IN!

I CASED THE PLACE BUT GOOD. THEN, I FIGURED, I OUGHT TO GO CASE THE ORION BAR AND GRILL (COULDN'T HURT TO LOOK)..



AW, COME ON, KOSMO-- *MILK*? THE DETECTIVES IN MOVIES DRINK STRAIGHT SCOTCH!

THE DETECTIVES IN MOVIES DON'T HAVE *ULCERS* ELMER! SAY, YOU GOT ANY *MAALOX* IN THIS PLACE?

ELMER, YOU KNOW HOW THE COPS SOLVE EIGHTY PERCENT OF THEIR CASES? *TIP-OFFS*! SOME SCHMUCK CALLS UP AND TELLS THEM WHO-DUNNIT!



ME, I DON'T GET *PINE ONE* 'TIL I SOLVE IT--ON MY OWN! TO SOLVE THIS ONE, LOOKS LIKE I GOTTA CRACK A CRIME WAVE!

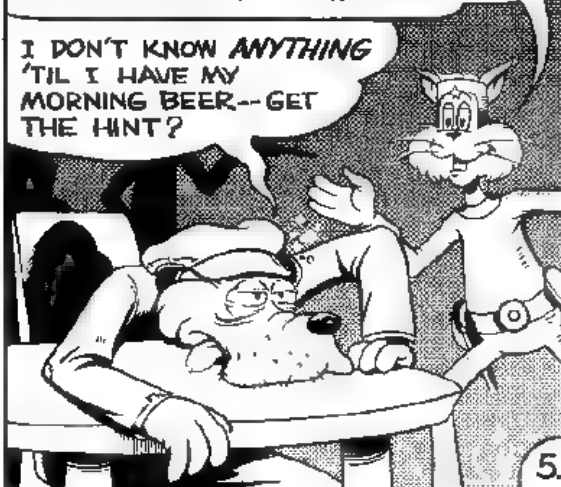
HI, KOSMO! BUY ME A DRINK? CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL?



SORRY, PUSSY WILLOW, I'M FLAT BUSTED-- SOMETHING *YOU'LL* NEVER BE!

I'VE GOTTA GO TALK TO *LUBETZSKY*--!

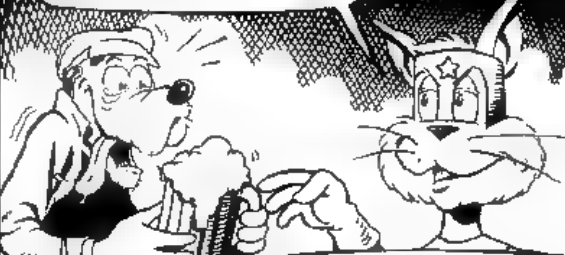
MORNING, *LUBETZSKY*! YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT STOLEN *TV GUIDES*?



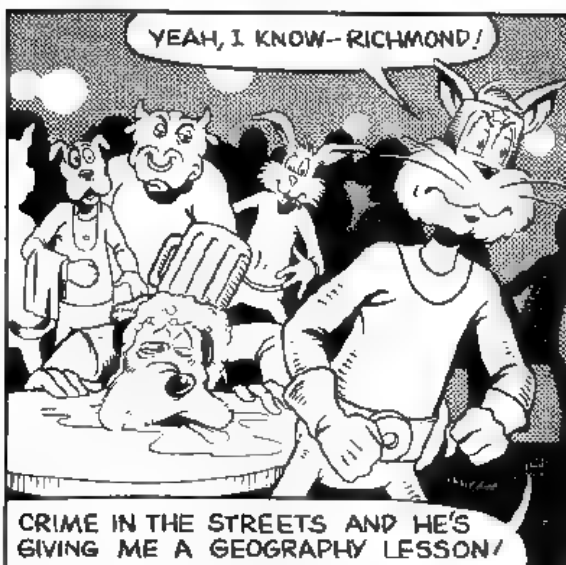
I DON'T KNOW *ANYTHING* 'TIL I HAVE MY MORNING BEER--GET THE HINT?

IF THERE'S ONE THING YOU LEARN IN THIS BUSINESS, IT'S TO TAKE SUBTLE HINTS. LUBETZSKY WAS AS SUBTLE AS A PREGNANT PLUTONIAN SNOWMAN...

OKAY, *HERE!* NOW, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

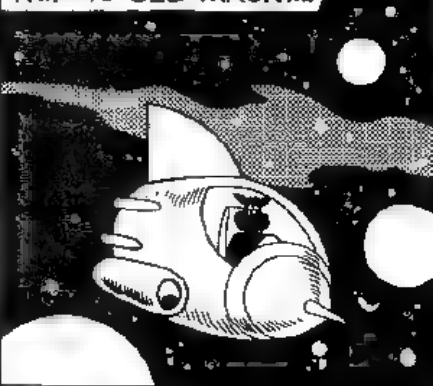


I KNOW *LOTS* STUFF! THE CAPITAL OF OREGON IS SALEM... THE CAPITAL OF SATURN IS RELBOIN... THE CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA...



CRIME IN THE STREETS AND HE'S GIVING ME A GEOGRAPHY LESSON!

I WAS GETTING NOWHERE, BUT AT LEAST I WAS GETTING THERE *FAST!* I NEEDED MORE INFO ON VINTAGE TV GUIDES... THAT MEANT A TRIP TO SEE MAURY...



MAURY RAN THE BIGGEST ANTIQUE SHOP IN THE SOLAR SHIFT. IF HE DIDN'T KNOW, NO POINT ASKING ANYONE ELSE...

... A REAL BUY, KOSMO-- HOWARD THE HUMAN, NUMBER ONE, ONLY THIRTY CENTS! ANY OTHER COMIC FROM 1975 GOES FOR A HUNDRED TIMES THAT!



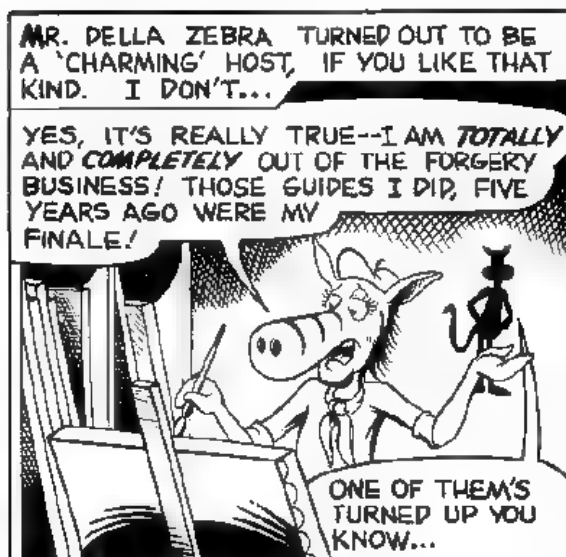
OKAY-- YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE STOLEN TV GUIDES, RIGHT? HERE'S WHAT I KNOW...

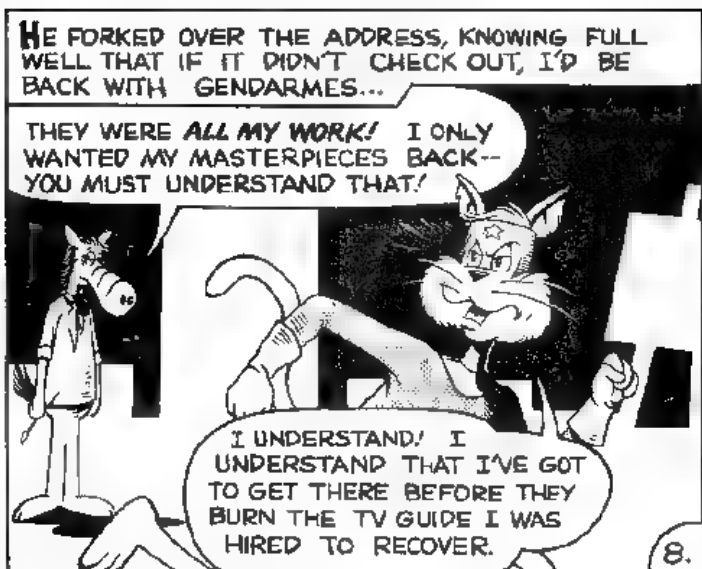
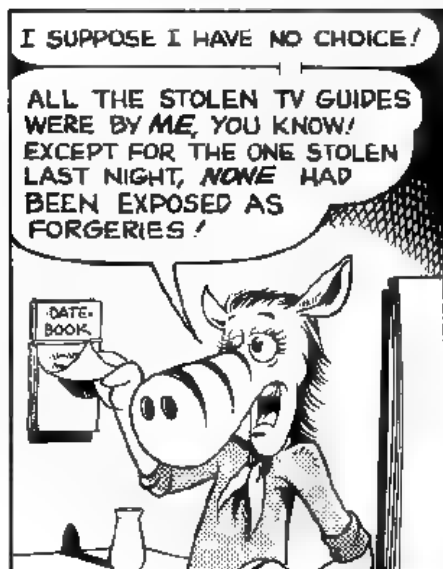
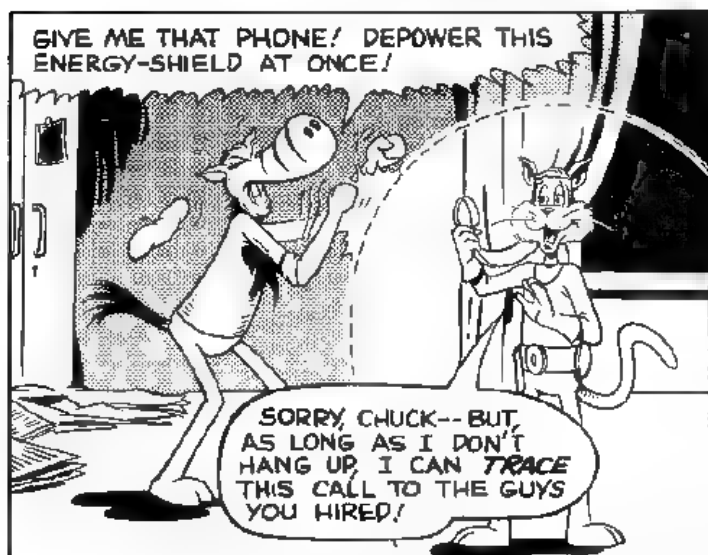
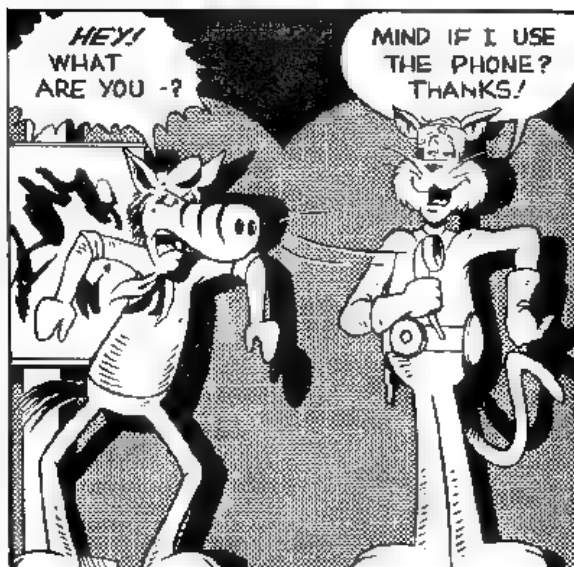
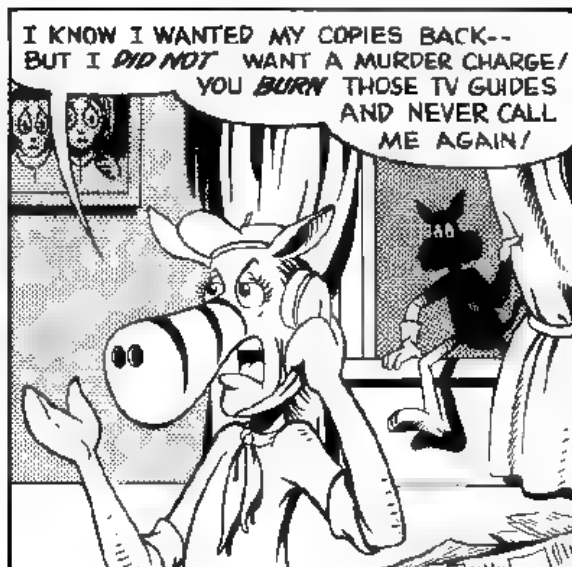


DELLA ZEBRA? THE FAMOUS FORGER?

YOU GOT IT! FIVE YEARS AGO, HE KNOCKED OFF A BATCH-- SOLD THEM FOR A *FORTUNE*-- BUT HE GOT CAUGHT... SPENT A YEAR IN JAIL!







I HAD IT IN *FULL-WARP* ALL THE WAY. BUT I WASN'T SURE THAT WAS FAST ENOUGH.



FIVE BUCKS SAYS THE RIP-OFF ARTISTS ARE AS QUEER AS DELLA ZEBRA AND HIS FAKE-OUT TV GUIDES!

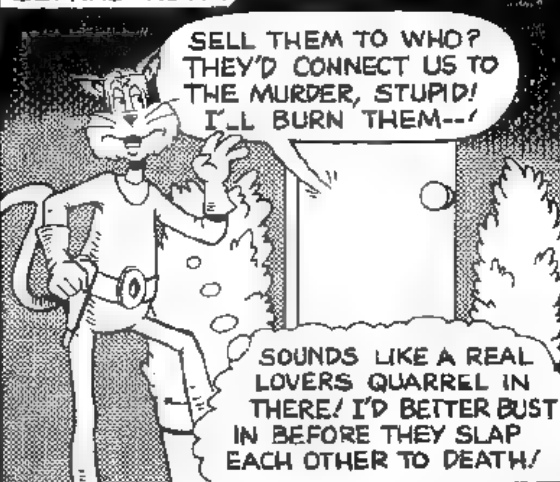
THINGS WERE FAR FROM PEACEFUL AT THE DOPPLER ARMS

YOU HAD TO KILL THAT GUY AT THE SHOP! NOW DELLA ZEBRA WON'T HAVE A THING TO DO WITH US! WHO'S GONNA TAKE CARE OF US?



LISTEN TO ME-- THOSE TV GUIDES ARE WORTH *THOUSANDS* OF DOLLARS EACH! WE CAN SELL THEM!

I GOT THERE JUST AS THINGS WERE GETTING HOT...



SELL THEM TO WHO? THEY'D CONNECT US TO THE MURDER, STUPID! I'LL BURN THEM--!

SOUNDS LIKE A REAL LOVERS QUARREL IN THERE! I'D BETTER BUST IN BEFORE THEY SLAP EACH OTHER TO DEATH!

HOWDY, GUYS! I'M SELLING CANDY TO WORK MY WAY THROUGH DENTAL SCHOOL. WANT TO BUY SOME?



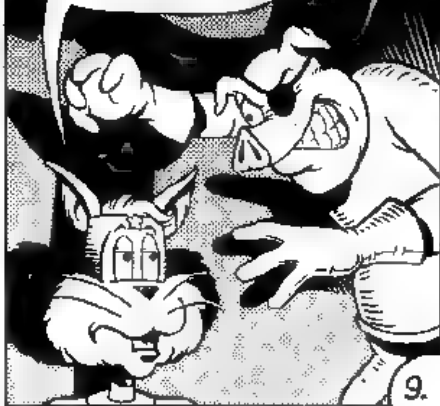
WE'LL DESTROY THE TV GUIDES! THAT'S THE ONLY EVIDENCE AGAINST US!



I'D REALLY RATHER YOU DIDN'T DO THAT, GENTS!

YOU'RE NOT TAKING *US* IN!

SURE LOOKS THAT WAY AT THE MOMENT...



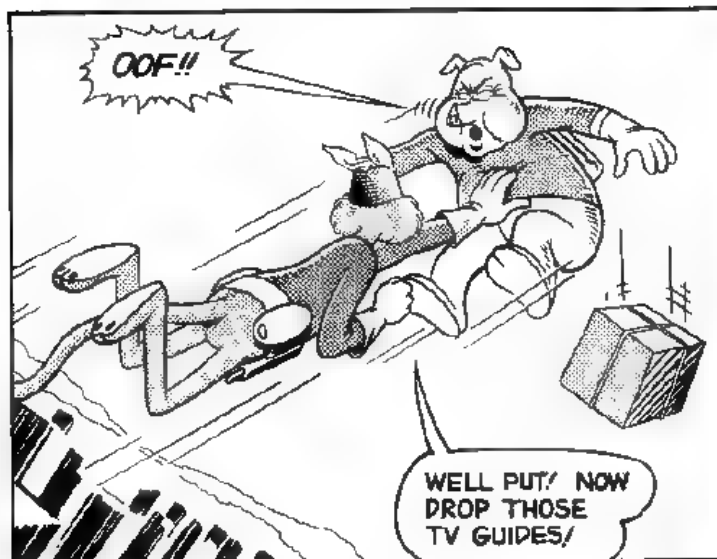


THE SCORE WAS ONE DOWN, ONE TO GO.
THE TROUBLE WAS-- THAT ONE WAS
GOING ... WITH THE TV GUIDES...

I'LL DUMP THEM IN THE
REFINERY EXHAUST PIPE!



UH OH-- IF HE DOES THAT, BYE
BYE TV GUIDES--BYE BYE, FEE!



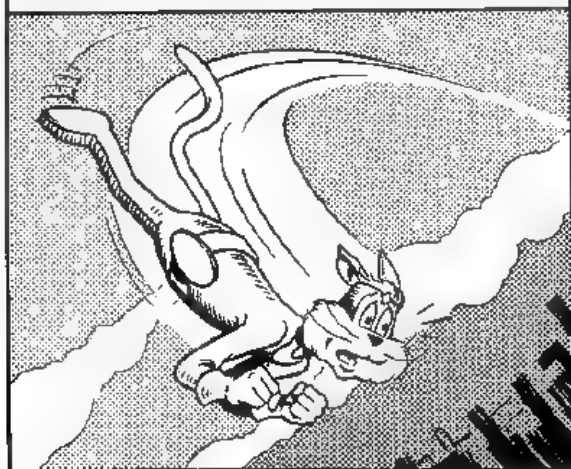
WELL PUT! NOW
DROP THOSE
TV GUIDES!



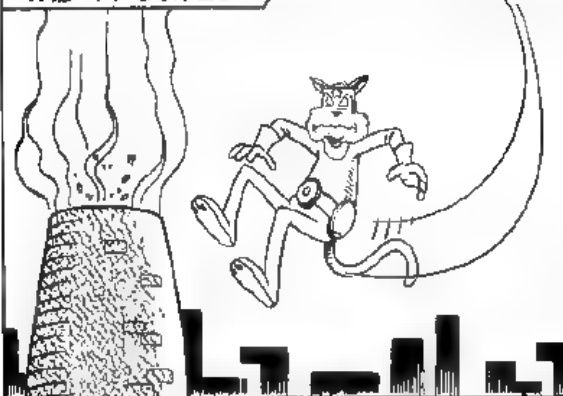
LET ME REPHRASE THAT
LAST COMMAND!

TOO LATE! THERE
THEY GO--TOWARDS
THE EXHAUST PIPE!

GALILEO COULD HAVE TOLD YOU-- THERE
WAS NO WAY I COULD HAVE CAUGHT
THEM... NO WAY IN THE WORLD...



DAMN THAT GALILEO. SO MUCH FOR
THE TV GUIDES...



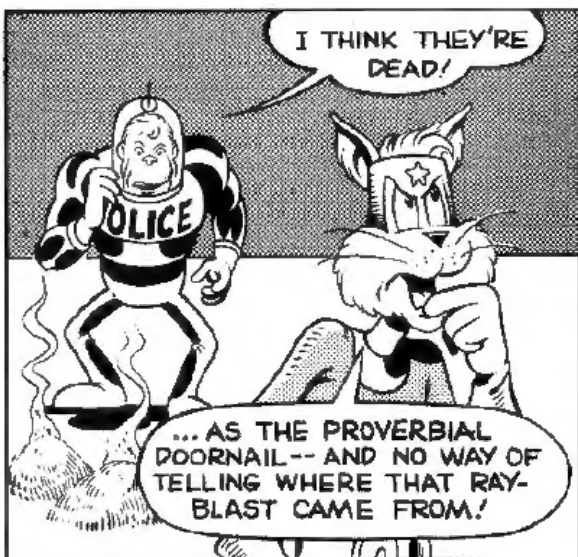
THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO DO
BUT CALL THE COPS TO COME PICK
UP MY TWO PLAYMATES...

THE COPS TOOK THEIR OWN SWEET TIME ABOUT SHOWING UP. THEY USUALLY DO...

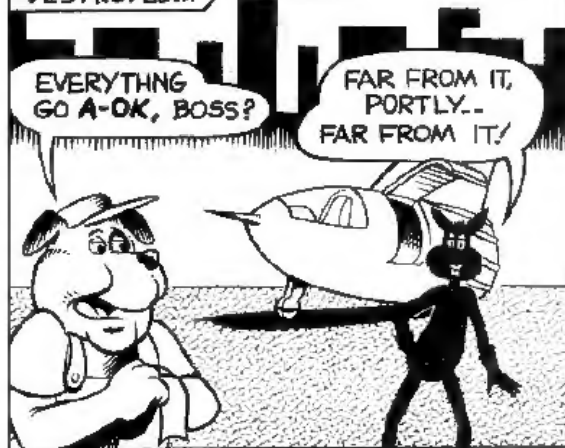


YOU'LL THINK OF SOMETHING! JUST GRILL THEM--THE OLD THIRD DEGREE OUGHT TO OPEN THEM UP...

BUT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE ANY THIRD DEGREE. JUST THEN...



THIS WAS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR BASIC BOMB-OUT: CROOKS DEAD, PLUS THE THING I WAS SUPPOSED TO RECOVER, DESTROYED...



HOLD EVERYTHING! ALL MAY NOT BE LOST, PORTLY! I'LL BET I KNOW WHO KILLED THOSE TWO GUYS-- AND **WHY!**



OKAY, READER--YOUR TURN! MATCH MINDS WITH THIS SPACE-AGE ELLERY QUEEN. YOU HAVE ALL THE CLUES YOU NEED-- IF YOU KNOW HOW TO PUT THEM TOGETHER...

IF YOU GUESSED IT WAS MR. VANDERGELT, GIVE YOURSELF TEN POINTS. I HUSTLED BACK TO SEE HIM...

YOU'VE COME WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY FOR MY STOLEN TV GUIDE, I PRESUME!

HARDLY! I'M ADVISING INTERWORLD INSURANCE **NOT** TO PAY OFF YOUR CLAIM--HOW MUCH IS IT? FIFTY THOUSAND?

SIXTY THOUSAND--AND WHY NOT?

THOSE TWO CROOKS NEVER CAME *NEAR* HERE, DESPITE THE FACT YOU 'SAY' YOU SAW THEM! THEY WERE STEALING **FAKE** TV GUIDES, MADE FIVE YEARS AGO...

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, VANDERGELT--**YOURS** WAS ON DISPLAY FOR TWELVE YEARS, SOMEWHERE! IT WAS A **REAL** ONE!

YOU INCINERATED THE TWO CROOKS! IF THEY'D TALKED, WE WOULD'VE FOUND OUT THEY NEVER STOLE YOUR TV GUIDE!

I CHECKED AROUND--YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS EMPTY AND YOU'RE IN HOCK TO NO LESS THAN **SIX** GAMBLING STATIONS! SO YOU **HID** THE MAG AND PUT IN FOR INSURANCE CASH!

ANTIQUE GUN

YES, **YES**--I COULDN'T **BEAR** TO SELL MY BELOVED ANTIQUES!

WHEN I HEARD ABOUT ALL THE TV GUIDE ROBBERIES, I DECIDED TO PRETEND MINE WAS TAKEN, ALSO! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE!

CLICK!

WUNK!

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR ANTIQUES WHERE **YOU'RE** GOING, VANDERGELT! YOUR ESCORT WILL BE ALONG, MOMENTARILY!

MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO GO SEE IF PUSSY WILLOW KNOWS ANY SCULPTORS! TA TA!

END.

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